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THE
PRUSSIA D:
AN
HEROICK POEM



[Price One Shilling and Six-Pence.]

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THE

PERUSIA D:

HEROIC POEM

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[Price One Shilling and Sixpence]

THE
PRUSSIA D:
AN
HEROICK POEM.

WRITTEN BY

Major ALEXANDER GORDON,

A

VOLUNTEER in the PRUSSIAN Service;

AND

Presented to the King of PRUSSIA at the Camp of
Madlitz, near *Furstenwalde*, Sept. 7, 1759.

To which is prefixed,

The ORIGINAL LETTER, Wrote with his Majesty's
own Hand to the AUTHOR, in the *German* Language,
with a TRANSLATION.

Humbly Dedicated to his Most Sacred Majesty King GEORGE,



LONDON:

Printed for J. BURD, opposite St. Dunstan's-Church, Fleet-Street.
MDCCLIX.

THE
-P-R-U-S-S-I-A-N-

H E R O I C P O E M

Written By

Major ALEXANDER GORDON

VOI UNTER in the PRUSSIAN Service

Presented to the King of Prussia at the Camp of
Mader, near Paderborn, Sept. 7, 1859.

14

11

THE ORIGINAL LETTER, wrote with his Majesty's
own hand to the King in the German Language
with TRANSLATION



Presented to His Majesty King GEORGE

L O N D O N

Printed for J. Burn, opposite the Duke's Chapel, Fleet Street.
Albion

[vi]
TO THE

KING.

SIRE,

PERMIT me in the humblest Manner to lay the following Poem at Your Majesty's Feet, which, though it may be no Proof of the Author's Genius, yet will, I hope, be accepted as a small Testimony of his Loyalty: Nor can he help entertaining those flattering Ideas, when he considers that a handful of Gums has heretofore been received in lieu of a Hecca-

Heccatomb, when the Offering was made with a sincere Devotion.

It would ill become me, Sacred Sire! to attempt a Panegyric upon Your Majesty's Reign, the Successes with which the Almighty has been pleased to bless your Arms (Successes which will ever render the present Æra dear to Posterity) are the best Elogium that can be bestowed upon it.—May they long continue! and late, very late, may the Time come, when your Enemies will not call it Flattery to rank you among the greatest of Kings and the best of Men.

I am, SIRE,

Your Majesty's most dutiful

Subject, and obedient

and devoted Servant.

ALEXANDER GORDON.

An Major Alex. Gordon.

Herr,
Ich habe sein Gedichte mit Vergnügen durch-
gelesen, und danke Ihn für alle angenehme
Höflichkeiten, die Er darinne gegen mich bezeiget.
Damit es bald zum Druck befördert werde, so
habe meinem Secretario befohlen, Ihm zwey
hundert Reichsthaler einzuhändigen, und will,
daß Er dieselben willigst annehme; welches
jedoch nicht als eine Belohnung seiner Verdienste,
sondern als ein Zeichen meiner Wohlgewogenheit
anzusehen ist.

*Madlitz,
Sept. 15.*

Friederich.

TRANSLATION.

To Major ALEXANDER GORDON.

“ S I R,

I have read your Poem with Satisfaction, and
thank you for the many genteel Compliments
you have paid me in it.—Towards the Expence
of having it printed, I have ordered my Secretary
to pay you two hundred Crowns; which I desire
you will accept of, not as a Reward of your Merit,
but as a Mark of my Benevolence.

*Camp at Madlitz,
Sept. 15. 1759.*

FREDERICK.”

ERRATA

Page Line

1. *last line, for Hungaria, read Teresa.*
11. 19. *for unrivall'd, read unravell'd.*
13. 13. *for of past, read post.*
14. 16. *for of pafs, read fofs.*
18. 17. *for then, read than.*
24. *at the Direction, for de read deign-*

I have read your Poem with Satisfaction, and thank you for the many good Counsellors you have paid me in it. I would the expense of having it printed, I have ordered my Secretary to pay you two hundred Crowns; which I desire you will accept of, not as a Reward of your Merit, but as a Mark of my Respect.

FREDERICK

Camp at Berlin
Sept. 12. 1759

T H E

PRUSSIAD.

DECLARE, historic Maid, why Prussia's
king
From motives justify'd, and self-defence,
Urg'd, tho' reluctant, drew his legions forth;
Or why confed'rate nations form'd a league
To crush one prince, the terror of them all.

There was a country, thro' whose fair domains,
Fruitful in every requisite of life,
Redundant flow'd rich veins of silver ore,
Silesia nam'd---by treaties ceded oft
To Prussia; in his favour thrice renounc'd
By false Hungaria, which to wrest again

B

The

The hostile queen revives a bleeding war,
And arms her claim with covert dark intrigue.

The penetrating Eye, whose instant ken
Takes in creation, saw her foul designs,
Beheld, and from the skies, in mortal form,
Clad like a Genius, sent Sagacity
To warn him of the dangers imminent,
Which hung like meteors o'er his crown and state.
The heavenly vision found him o'er a lamp
That faintly glimmer'd thro' the deep recess,
As slumb'ring o'er a book of wholesome laws,
Which (while his royal father fill'd the throne,
Amid his clan of giants) he had fram'd.
Divinely sent, approaching all serene,
Thus spoke the placid glory to the king:
" Be not alarm'd, oh ! FRED'RIC, for I come
" Thy watchful guardian, mission'd from above ;
" And dost thou muse o'er visionary peace ?
" Oh fond temerity ! dilate thy thoughts ;
" Warn'd

" Warn'd by this faithful mirror, view thy fate ;
 " Behold yon hostile plain, survey the war
 " Already deep intrench'd---See from the North
 " Where Russia pours her legions, like a flood ;
 " Southward revert thine eye, Germania's queen
 " Assails thy frontier, and Silesia claims ;
 " See Saxony's elector, Poland's king,
 " Invests thee close, by timid councils won,
 " To crush, and parcel out thy ruin'd state :
 " While Louis, led by views as sinister,
 " Joins issue, vaunting in the flames of war.
 " Four formidable powers with base intent
 " To tear thee from thy throne, united see ;
 " And now behold a fifth, the martial Swede
 " Invades thee too, ill-matcht to face them all ;
 " Lo ! what a labour, both of toil and blood,
 " Thy worth must combat---Rouse thee quick to
 " arms---
 " FRED'RIC awake---it is thy Genius calls !"

To the returning mariner who steers
 Fast by Madeira's coast, the midship helm,
 His canvass swelling with the prosp'rous gale,
 While, o'er a journal of the tempests past,
 He meditates secure, nor sees the rock
 Start sudden on his larboard, thus appears
 The rugged death---half motionless he stands,
 Himself a rock, and calls to shift the helm.
 Not less alarm'd, up-bolted Prussia's king:
 The mirror, big with ample war, he sees,
 Or thinks he sees, still swimming o'er his sight:
 While if he slept, or woke, he doubted much.
 Upon his face the pious Hero falls
 Prostrate, to deprecate the gath'ring storm;
 And having finish'd to JEHOVAH's throne
 His warm address, elastic, like a spring,
 He reassumes his wonted tone of mind,
 Then bade the guards in waiting pass the word
 For Schwerin, Keith, and Ferdinand of Brunswick;
 For

For Bevern, and his brother, whom to found
 On this momentous warning, he resolv'd.
 E'er they appear'd, he weigh'd within himself
 These base designs, and machinations vile,
 Unworthy princes; huddl'd in the dark,
 From perfidy, from avarice, revenge,
 And fears unmanly sprung; nor chagrin'd less
 Such vulgar craft in royal breasts to find,
 Whose thoughts should soar above the meaner
 scheme.---

Can heav'n's own representatives, he said,
 Thus militate upon the side of wrong,
 Abuse good faith, and ponder war in peace;
 Peace ratify'd, by solemn compact seal'd?
 Here broke upon his words the generals,
 Whom, thus, with mild composure, he address'd:

" Keith, Schwerin, Bevern, Ferdinand, and
 " Brother,
 " My trusty generals, and my well-try'd friends,
 " Try'd

" Try'd and approv'd--Are dreams dispatch'd
 from heav'n,
 " Or but the sickly legends of our brain?
 " Yet such impression has a vision made
 " (Vision, or dream, I know not) on my mind;
 " So bright is still the warning to my eye,
 " So recent, and so big with consequence,
 " That, whether reprehensible, or no,
 " I purpos'd to disclose my nice distrust
 " Of what I once held pure--the truth of kings.--
 " For lo! the Danube to my mental eye
 " His banks o'er-peering, issu'd with the Rhine,
 " To hem me in, and clip on ev'ry side.--
 " Five mighty pow'rs, the Russian and the Gaul,
 " Embattl'd on their banks in armour shone;
 " The German eagle at my floating plume
 " Rapacious peckt, and bore it high in air--
 " The Swede attack'd my van, while Dresden's
 " lord
 " Kept

“ Kept me at bay, and flank’d me on the rear : ”

“ What cou’d I do, surrounded by them all ? ”

“ Thrice did I pierce their legions, when I woke -- ”

“ Say, generals, are images but air, ”

“ And lies there nought of import in a dream ? ”

They heard, nor spoke -- as men are wont to do

When faith, suspended, stops at some report, ”

Which seems to verge beyond the line of truth ; ”

Then ey’d each other, as inclin’d to doubt ”

Of the king’s reason -- Ferdinand at first ”

Across their wonder broke, and thus reply’d : ”

“ The notice is from heav’n ; a sudden heat ”

“ Glows at my heart, pervading ev’ry pore ; ”

“ Unusual is the impulse which I feel, ”

“ Feel and adopt -- to superstitious dreams, ”

“ Or legendary tales, but ill inclin’d. ”

Thus *Ferdinand*, to whom brave *Keith* rejoin’d --

“ The matter of this warning, canvass’d well, ”

“ And ventilated by the breeze of time, ”

“ Will

"Will best become a cause so great as ours.
 "Let cool precision justify our arms;
 "Let formal circumstances, well adduc'd,
 "Plead for our onset."—These my sentiments.—
Schwerin spoke next, and thus address'd the king:
 "My liege, this breach suppos'd of royal trust,
 "Tho' fancy's child, as imagin'd in the brain,
 "May still emanate from facts, in embryo now.—
 "Time will bring forth enucleated proofs;
 "Then watch their armaments, their motions view,
 "Nor build on ought desultory, or vague.—
 "Thus, as beneath a battery, we stand,
 "By our own caution cover'd—Diffidence
 "Shall whet suspicion, while each avenue,
 "Wisely precluded, bars out danger's spies.—
 "Arrest all couriers; let no post evade
 "The wary eye of semblance, for I fear,
 "Trust me, I do, Vienna, in her smile,
 "And doubt the Saxon, tho' he bring me gifts."

Thus

Thus each his sentiment preferr'd---The King
 Hearing approv'd, and to his tablets gave
 Their wise opinions, then with gracious air,
 Dismiss'd the conf'rence, only call'd to sound
 His generals thoughts relating to the war ;
 Nor free from deep concern did Fred'rick pass
 The joyless night, not restless for himself,
 But for the weal of Germany, embroil'd
 By views rapacious, on immortal grudge
 And narrow systems founded, to revive
 Claims disavow'd long since, and ceded thrice
 By ev'ry sacred guaranty of kings ;
 He sigh'd, lamenting, that so base a dross
 Shou'd purge from metals of so high an ore ;
 Then anxious ponder'd on the rushing storm,
 Which thick'ning gather'd o'er his rights and throne ;
 He judg'd the danger, and he weigh'd the war
 Confed'rate, and unequal to his force ;
 Not diffident of spirit in himself,
 Nor less relying on his people's love,

C

But,

But, judging natural causes, by themselves,
 He saw his foes preponder in the scale,
 Falling with malice, with superior rage,
 Like rueful hounds, upon the baited stag;
 And thoughts of human means had well-nigh sunk
 The hero down, desponding; when a gleam
 Of brighter thought, a confidence in heav'n,
 Lighted his breast, and bore him up to hope
 In Him, before whose fight all force is vain,
 Who gave to Sampson, with a weapon vile,
 To smite a thousand; who to David gave
 The bear and lion, with his single arm,
 To crush, and conquer huge Goliath's form.
 Relying thus upon th' Omnipotent,
 He reassum'd his wonted calm of mind,
 Of his own counsels secretary chief,
 And gave his thoughts, now placid, to repose.

Next morn survey'd him busy'd o'er the plans
 And military models of reform:
 In tactic discipline, the nerve of fight;

Improve-

Improvements by himself conceiv'd, and pen'd ;
 The just manœuvre of a bright array,
 And solid draught of documental war,
 Were rang'd before him, when behold, arriv'd
 By Schwerin led, an intercepted post,
 Who rode secure, as in a time of peace,
 Across the frontier, not appriz'd of wiles---
 For, e'er the dawn awoke, had Fred'rick sent
 Parties of chosen horse, by different routs,
 To seize, and bring all packets to the court ;
 Nor barren prov'd the snare, which like a train
 Blaz'd sudden, and contiguous ruin spread
 Latent, beneath the unsuspecting feet
 Of base design, and blew up all her frauds ;
 Anticipating thus the craft of state,
 He travers'd ev'ry measure of his foes,
 And penetrating to each plot malign
 In dark cabal, or midnight council laid,
 Unrivall'd ev'ry winding of the maze,
 Then thus bespoke sage Schwerin :--" Fast in hold

“ Detain the bearer, till he back transmit
 “ In his own hand a rescript, but await
 “ Our further will, and leave us now alone.”

The seals were broke in haste, which soon disclos'd

Contents of such black import, as till then
 Suspicion's self could scarce digest to faith,
 Or reconcile to reason.---Anger now
 And high resentment bore away the mounds
 Of patience, or delay.---Incontinent,
 Resign'd to war, he drew the shining blade,
 Then threw the slighted scabbard to the ground,
 “ Nor be thou sheath'd again, he cry'd aloud,
 “ Nor visit more thy peaceful tenement,
 “ Till Prussia's foes be humbled in their pride;”
 Then on the bended knee in prostrate mood,
 He thus address'd of kings, the King supreme:

“ Lord of the universe, and God of hosts,
 “ If justice, warranted from regal right,
 “ Not edge my prowess, let the battle's weight
 “ Fall

" Fall on my country, liberty and life ;
 " But, if from strong necessity, my sword
 " Walk forth, my people to defend, do thou
 " Against invasion, violated faith,
 " Wing it, and arm with Empyrean speed,
 " That its aspiring flight may, falcon-like,
 " Dart at the German eagle, and bear down
 " His grasped lightnings, in ambition's forge
 " Temper'd, not proof against a *lawful* war."

So saying, he recall'd the general,
 To whom he gave a rescript, aptly fram'd,
 And suited to deceive Vienna's court ;
 Which, being copy'd by the post, and sent
 By an appointed messenger of trust,
 Gave birth to ev'ry incidental proof
 That follow'd, or resulted from the wile,
 And justify'd the king in taking arms :
 For frequent now, the couriers that were sent
 Between the courts, as frequently detain'd
 And search'd by PRUSSIA, or his ministers,

Which

Which brought to light procedures of such form,
As furnish'd fuel for the kindling war.

Mean time, the KING, confirm'd in all his fears,
In secret arm'd, the sooner to ensure
His safety, who around him saw such foes,
In secret arming, to oppress his rights.

Relying thus upon the God of hosts,
He bids assemble a large armed force
Upon the frontiers of Bohemia's realm,
And others march towards Moravia's bounds.
Since treaties deem'd like nugatory air,
Were puff'd away by stern Teresa's rage.

Himself like light'ning Saxony invests,
To Pirna with premeditated march
He penetrates, resolute in his way,
The pass is measur'd for a close blockade,
The trumpet sounds citation---Pirna * deaf,
Hears not the dread remonstrance---thrice she hears;
What wonder then, if war lets lose his rage
Indignant,

* Blockade of Pirna.

Indignant, and with hostile act invades?
 At length the flag of proud defiance drops,
 Thy gates, O Pirna, now receive a king,
 A conqueror incens'd—tho' mild in wrath;
 Large contribution pays for lives indulg'd,
 The high assessment, and the sword is sheath'd:
 While Saxony's fierce sons submissive bend,
 Owning a foreign sovereign for their lord.

Thus having check'd mid-way the Polish king,
 And kept as hostage his elect's pow'r,
 He turns his course towards the valiant *Brown*,
 Who on Bohemia's confine lay encamp'd
 At Lowitz*, noted for a scene of blood,
 From whence he drove his dread competitor,
 And like a comet swept his fiery way.

Mean time at Retchenberg† had *Bevern's* arms
 Forc'd a strong post, while PRUSSIA still pursu'd
 His foe retreating, to the walls of Prague:
 Who, strong intrench'd at Awal‡, made a stand

To

* Lowitz, Dec 1, 1756.

† Retchenberg, April 21, 1757.

‡ Awal, May 6.

To face the king near Moldau's weeping stream,
 Soon to lament in blood such heroes slain,
 Upon his sedgy banks: But hark! the charge
 Sounds dreadful, never to be heard again
 By numbers formidable, tho' they shine
 With polish'd muskets, in the fierce attack.
 Battalions on battalions crowd the fight,
 Ev'n to the trenches Prussia's troops advance,
 Fearless, while danger dress'd in honour's garb
 Leads on the ranks, but to the slaughter leads
 Heroic squadrons, for their king and cause
 Expiring glorious, by the cannon rak'd,
 And mow'd untimely by the scythe of death.
 And now had *Brown* bore off the laurel wreath
 Triumphant, had not *Schwerin's* martial voice,
 And great example, rally'd those that fled,
 And reconducted to the dread assault;
 He from a cornet shot the colours took,
 And bearing in his hand, led on the men
 To actions glorious from inglorious flight;

But

But on the instant, from a cannon's womb,
 Death crush'd the hero in his gallant deeds,
 Which turn'd the day in favour of the king,
 Who lost a servant while he gain'd the prize.---
 Thus fell lamented *Schwerin*, white with years,
 Belov'd in life, and met the death he wish'd :
 In councils wise, and valiant in the field,
 By none lamented more than PRUSSIA's king ;
 Who now puts *Brown* to fight, whom Prague re-
 ceives,
 And shuts her gates to stand the dreadful siege :
 Who can describe its horrors, what but blood
 Write bloody actions, characters in gules ?
 The town's on fire ; contiguous ruin spreads
 The catching flames ; the spiral blaze ascends :
 Hark how the cannonading fills the air,
 While military echoes strive to ape,
 Salmoneus-like, the thunder of the war.
 Yet Prague inflexible to menace stands
 The brunt of siege, conglomerated fire,

D

And

And all the thick'ning terrors of the bombs—
 The bursting ruin not her palace spares,
 Nor costly temples, nor the muse's seat,
 The walls of science, like impartial love,
 Or more impartial death, the shaft of war
 Levels alike, while martial light'nings fly,
 Blind to the vain distinctions of the great,
 The dome superb, the high stupendous pile,
 With the mean cottage share an equal fate.
 Lo! famine stalks along the meagre town,
 Hemm'd in by armies and surrounding foes;
 The yellow ore now loses all its worth,
 One ounce of horse-flesh worth a pound of gold.
 The minted monarch stamp'd upon the ore,
 Scarce purchases a pigeon—Sickness too
 From filthy viands and corrupted meals
 Leads pestilence, which swifter than the sword
 Cuts down the morbid troops, while the joint-hand
 Of famine, war, and pestilence malign,
 Like the fell dog of hell, in triple league

Against

Against life's citadel, unite their force,
 And tread the truncheon'd gen'ral to the earth.
 Pass we th' ungrateful scene, with carnage foul,
 Deform'd with famine, pestilence, and fire;
 Here lay the king, and spread contagious death,
 When *Dawn* approach'd, with craft intrenching
 deep
 His num'rous troops, to wait the fate of Prague,
 But more the scheme was laid to draw the king
 From the strong siege, and weaken thus his force;
 At Colin *, fatal to the Prussian arms,
 With lanes of cannon planted ev'ry way,
 He wrapt himself in safety; nor the wile
 Fail'd in its deep intent, for *Bevern's* prince
 Detach'd before, surprizes marshal *Dawn*,
 Surpriz'd to see the daring, not the force,
 For that he scorn'd, and laugh'd to see his wile
 Succeed so well, which he so well had laid:
 Him follow'd straight the King, and left to *Keith*,

D 2 The

* Colin, June 8.

The conduct of the siege : The fight begins,
 Dreadful the onset, while the Prussian troops
 At disadvantage fight, expos'd to fires
 From *Daun's* intrenchments, on the rising hills ;
 Yet on the battle hung the doubtful war,
 The Austrians yield, the Prussians gain the heights,
 But still unable to maintain the posts,
 Won with uncommon ardor, they retire,
 Rak'd by artillery, then again advance,
 Sev'n times returning to the bloody charge.
 Amid the foremost perils of the fight
 He rallies them in person at their head ;
 Close-grapled, lo ! promiscuous horse and foot
 Together plunge, in nitrous clouds immers'd
 Scarce visible, as when huge Strombolo
 Belches forth flames, whose vivid spires, awhile
 Play round his summit, to the distant eye
 By starts appearing, till in circling smoke
 The golden picture sinks ingulph'd at once ;
 Or in a storm as when the stately ship

Gores

Gores the dark clouds, her naked keel expos'd,
 Now ducks, and seems to rub the bottom sands
 Alternately appearing, and absorpt ;
 Now lost to fight, amid tumultuous waves,
 Shews but its topmast, and is seen no more :
 So PRUSSIA dauntless wading to the neck
 In danger's sable flood, seems overwhelm'd
 Amid the waves of war, emerging then
 He rises to the view, while curling smoke
 Invelops him again, eclips'd in fight :
 Vain the attempt, too late the KING perceives
 His error, and the wile of crafty *Dawn*,
 Who weak'ning thus the foe's divided force,
 Destroy'd it ; by this well-conducted scheme
 Forcing his rival from the siege of Prague,
 Where *Brown*, who kept it, of his wounds expir'd.
 Yet *Dawn* pursu'd not the retreating troops,
 But saw them pass in order from the field,
 Whose matchless valour had well-nigh dislodg'd
 His strong entrenchments, and obtain'd the day ;

Thus

Thus Prague, upon the verge of ruin, found
Timely relief, and all her sons were free.

To Ducal Prussia had the Muscovite,
With barb'rous inroad forc'd his cruel way,
Beneath *Apraxin's* conduct, nor had spar'd
Or sex, or age; the violated maid,
The helpless infant, and the widow's tear,
Complain'd aloud for vengeance to the skies:
When *Lewald* came to stop the Russian arms
At Venlau *, the disputed battle hung
Uncertain; when, by causeless panic struck,
Next day beheld *Apraxin's* swift retreat,
By some imputed to a bribe well plac'd,
For which he was recall'd to stand the charge,
But dy'd at Narva, who had better dy'd
In glorious battle, expiating thus
By forfeit, fame, and life, his barb'rous rage---

Mean while upon the Baltic Russia's fleet
Displays her flag, while Britain's navy slept

With

* Venlau, or Norkitten, August 30.

With all her thunders at the peaceful Downs ;
 Memel surrenders to the fiery wrath
 Of *Fermor's* squadron, while the Swedes o'eran
 All Pomerania in the rage of war.

Upon the Neifs *Nadasti's* troops o'erpower'd
 Brave *Winterfeldt*, who in the glorious fight
 Oppos'd superior numbers, but in vain ;
 Who only liv'd to see his troops cut off,
 And figh'd away his soul upon the field---
 Lamented by his KING, who inly mourn'd
 To see the ravage of surrounding foes,
 And cry'd---“ How few like *Winterfeldt* are left !”
 For now the fam'd convention had let loose
 The arms of France to fall upon his pow'r,
 And Hanover's rich country yields her wealth
 To *Richlieu's* lust and Gallic insolence ;
 With fire and sword the base incendi'ry
 Leads havock on, and like *Apraxin* wastes,
 Boasting a Gothic rage, and to exceed
 A northern ruffian in the flames of war.---

And

And did not heav'n its Ægis interpose
 'Twixt FRED'RICK and ruin, what could save
 The Hero in this crisis from the pow'rs
 Of Sweden, Russia, Germany, and Gaul?
 Singly a par; combin'd, an overmatch
 For thrice his pow'r; yet evident, behold!
 The arm of Providence assists him now,
 And buoys his valour to success and hope.
 How vain are all united! On all sides
 Lo! they surround him.---Turns he to the right
 The * Hyperborean flanks him: On the left
 The sons of Sweden aim a fatal blow;
 Forward advancing he repels the Gaul,
 And in the rear the German stops his way:
 Onwards, or in retreat, he finds himself
 Clipt in by armies, leagu'd to crush his might.
 Thus not confiding in himself, or pow'r,
 Heav'n-led, he leads his soldiery along,
 Thro' hosts united, and disputes the field,

De-

* Russia.

Deigning to share the meanest soldier's lot,
 Or on the flinty couch, or scanty meal,
 Or short repose, or in the weary march,
 Amid the brumal cold, and shiv'ring blast,
 Thro' forests thick, impervious to the axe,
 By rugged paths, and steep-ascending hills,
 O'er rapid torrents, see he dares them all---
 And unapall'd by numbers, or defeat,
 Resigns himself and cause to heav'n's high will;
 By conquest not elated, nor by loss
 Deprest, but pois'd and equal to events.
Soubise and *Hilburghausen* next he meets
 At * *Rosbach*, vaunting in superior troops,
 Yet taught by now, that numbers cannot claim
 Conquest, nor myriads vindicate a wrong;
 Upon his cause relying, he attacks
 Their strong battalions, and defeats their pow'r;
 Thus op'ning by his sword a bloody path,
 A well-fought passage to *Silesia's* aid;

E For

* *Battle of Rosbach*, Nov. 5.

For Breslau had surrender'd to the foe,
 And Schweidnitz ceded to the arms of *Daun*,
 As *Bevern* fled before him—but he comes,
 The PRUSSIAN Hero to release his friend,
 And set all free; *Daun* in his turn retires,
 Leaving to FRED'RICK the disputed wreath,
 The palm of conquest on fam'd * *Lissa's* plain,
 While fair *Silesia* saw herself again,
 With all her towns recover'd to the King.
 Of battles won and lost, of trench and siege,
 Of skirmish, march, and countermarch to sing,
 Were endless, and a *meer Gazette in verse*.
 Sufficient that thro' operations long,
 Success, and loss, various, and full of death,
 Still FRED'RICK lives, glorious beyond their hopes,
 Nor yet despairs to vanquish ev'ry foe.
 Mean while *Westphalia* † sees young *Ferdinand*
 Victorious o'er *Contades*, and the French,
 Who

* Battle of *Lissa*, Nov. 29.

† Battle of *Thornhausen*.

August 1, 1759.

* Battle of *Rosbach*, Nov. 5.

Who in precipitate retreat, with loss
 Of many thousands, quit the bloody field,
 And meet the death they fled, in Weser's flood:
 Confusion follows, in pursuit, their rear;
 Now Hanover and all her towns rejoice,
 To find recover'd freedom, from the cefs
 And contribution large of Gallia's sons;
 While Britain's sons by warlike *Granby* led,
 Claim half the honours of the well-fought field.

Return we now to Prussia's dauntless KING,
 Beleaguerr'd fore by thick; surrounding troops;
 Harrafs'd with marches, and with restless nights;
 To counteract the motions of his foes
 He strives by force or stratagem of war,
 With toils succeeding toils; but chief he strives
 To bring the crafty and experienc'd *Daun*,
 If possible, to combat, or to join
 His brother Henry, and united thus,
 Stem the combined armies of the Rufs,
 And formidable Austrians, but in vain:

Dawn, better taught, the dang'rous hazard shuns,
 And trusts his safety to the stronger trench,
 Declines the combat, wearies out the KING,
 And meditates his conquests by delay,
 Thus playing on his brave competitor,
 The Fabian arts, till Russia's sons should pour
 Their savage numbers on his dreaded foe.

And now, a bright occasion calls the KING
 To reap new laurels, and to deck his sword
 With recent conquest---Russia's forces pour
 Their thousands on him; on the other side
 Austria's fierce sons uniting, join the foe
 * Upon the Oder's banks, near Frankfort's walls:
Necessity, big with the extremes of war,
 Begins the fierce attack---prickt at each vein
 The lab'ring battle bleeds, soon to bring forth
 To one or other conquest, or defeat;
 Upon the precipice of danger, see

The

* Battle of Cunnersdorf, near Frankfort on the Oder, fought
 August 12, 1759.

The KING in person, while his blazing sword
 Hangs o'er the verge of death, and rules the fight;
 Beneath him, in the dark abyſs, appear
 Carnage, beſmear'd with gore, and red-fac'd rout:
Pursuit upon the back of panting *flight*
 Hacks terrible, and gashes him with wounds;
 Expiring ſteeds upon their riders lie
 Writhing in death, and preſs their burſting ſouls,
 Which iſſue forth, and rend with dreadful ſhrieks
 The affrighted air, aſtoniſh'd at their cries;
 While twenty thouſand deaths on hisſing balls
 Triumphant ride, and cut whole ſquadrons down.
 Wounded *dismay* halts, as he ſtrives to fly,
 And *panic* meets the danger which he ſhuns:
 At length the ſtubborn battle breaks; the files
 Led by diſorder, and confuſion, yield
 To might impetuous, and at once retire;
 So waves, which long had wreckt their ſpummy rage
 Upon ſome ſhip of war, in bulk an iſle,
 Subſide retiring, while with ploughing beak

She

She rides triumphant, on the yielding ferge,
 And bids the angry element give way.
 Thus, ev'ry art of martial policy
 In vain exerted, join'd with might of arms,
 The Prussian Hero leaves th' ensanguin'd field
 To pow'rs superior, having tir'd his troops
 With crimson slaughter, having twice the scale
 Of conquest in his hand, till the dead weight
 Of savage nations turn'd the doubtful beam:
 Nor yet despairing did he quit the fight,
 But strenuous still, relying on that aid
 Which long had interpos'd its guarding helm
 Between destruction, and his sinking state,
 He meditates the blow of fell revenge.

At length the stubborn battle breaks; the files

led by disorder, and confusion, yield

To might impetuous, and not to flight;

so waves, which long had wrecked their journeyage

Upon some ship of war, or built an ill,

Sabine retiring, while with ploughing beak

She



